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Puck

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A CHRISTMASTIDE KINDNESS.

Christmastide makes PUCK as mild
And gentle as a little child;
And over Mr. Harrison, he
Will draw the robe of charity.

PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, December 28th, 1892. — No. 825.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

ON CERTAIN PHASES OF THE PENSION QUESTION.

IT SEEMS to us that in all the talk that has been made first and last on the subject of our pension legislation, comparatively little attention has been paid to one point of very serious importance — the right of the honorably-discharged veteran to all the respect and consideration which he has earned by faithful service. As things stand at present, he is practically denied that right, for he is forced to share the award of public honor with dishonest and unworthy persons. What credit can attach to a pension nominally given for soldierly service if that bestowal is equally extended to men who have never been soldiers at all, and to men who have disgraced the name of soldier? Few pensions are large, considered strictly as monetary rewards. They are not intended to be. The government that gives them does not desire to make mercenaries of the men who have fought for it. The reward of the pension itself is supposed to confer an honorable distinction which is to be held by patriotic men as more valuable and desirable than the sum of money involved. Of course this value is entirely lost if it is made the prize of dishonor as well as of honor.

* * *

Yet this is an injustice that has been visited by our government upon thousands of brave soldiers who fought for their country in the War of the Rebellion, and upon the widows and children of thousands more who died leaving names that should be honored and remembered with pride. Wherever you may go throughout the northern states of this country, you will hardly find a considerable settlement where there is not at least one household that has the proud record of having contributed a man's strength to the defense of the Union. This is a fact that ought to swell the American heart, and would, if it were not an equally notorious fact that for every household that has given a patriot to his country's service, there is another household where a rascal is drawing a pension from the United States Government for services that he never performed.

Everybody can see that the payment of fraudulent pension claims is a wrong to the tax-payer. The statistics of the Pension-Office tell their own simple tale. A disbursement of $1,277,261,263.00 in twenty years is clearly no joke, regarded from the tax-payer's standpoint. But, to our way of thinking, the burden on the tax-payer is an insignificant trifle compared with the imposition on the worthy veteran. What right has our government to take the honor, the badge of distinction that should be sacredly reserved for the good and faithful soldier, and to give it to every scamp of a coward, deserter or malingerer, who is willing to swear a false claim through the Pension-Office, with the aid of a dishonest Washington claim-agent?

* * *

There is no class of people more deeply and vitally concerned in seeing the pension-rolls purged of all dishonest claims than the real veterans of the Civil War. Every unfair and unjust payment on those lists is a mean, cruel and insulting fraud upon the men who honestly earned the right to receive a pension from the State; and if those who stand in this latter category were to make it their duty to hunt down the illegitimate pension-holders, and to wrest from them their ill-gotten spoils, it would be a task deserving of almost as much admiration and gratitude as the original service in the time of national peril.

* * *

The worst of it is that the men who submit to this wrong become, in a sense, sharers in it; and the mischief of their participation is likely to be far-reaching. In fact, they are helping to teach the young men of the country to look upon a great war as an opportunity to bleed rather than to serve the country. Suppose that we were to-morrow plunged into serious conflict with a foreign power, and that we were to find that every dishonest pensioner had, by his example, corrupted a single member of the present generation of young men — just stop and think what sort of a fight we should be able to make with such a horde of brigands forming an active part of our body politic! We should be in a position a good deal like that of a merchantman that has shipped a crew of mutinous pirates. And we really doubt if there is any form of corruption that offers such an insidious example to young men as this scheme of crooked pension-getting. It is so easy in itself, it has allured so many men who in other matters are trustworthy and of good repute, it has been winked at by so many people in high public station, that it is not in the least wonderful if the young men who see this iniquity flourishing like a green bay-tree should say to themselves that it is a cheap and profitable iniquity, and make up their young minds to bleed the nation on their own account the next time that she gets into a scrape with any other nation. We hope there is enough of the pride of patriotism left among the real veterans of the war to give the growing generation a little teaching to the contrary effect. Several excellent opportunities will probably present themselves between this and 1896.

THE LAST RESORT.

MANAGING EDITOR.— Have you written that bunch of funny paragraphs, Mr. Sadman?

SUBORDINATE.— Not yet — I can't think of anything.

MANAGING EDITOR.—Then write an editorial on "The Decline of American Humor" — you 've got to earn your salary, somehow!

ONE ON UNCLE JERRY.

BROWN.— There were some things in which the ancients surpassed the moderns.

DUNN.— What, for instance?

BROWN.— Noah was a better weather prophet than the fellows who make the predictions nowadays.

SUSPICION CONFIRMED.

MISS CAUSTIC. — I hear you got married the other day.

MRS. DE KOTER.— That 's my business.

MISS CAUSTIC.— I thought so. This is your third, is n't it?

THE AWAKENING SPOILS THEM.

"Do you believe in dreams?"

"Yes — when I 'm asleep!"

HOW TO MAKE IT GO.

MISS CUTTING.—You ought to have your poem set to music, Mr. Rimes.

RIMES.— Why?

MISS CUTTING.— In a song, no one pays any attention to the words.

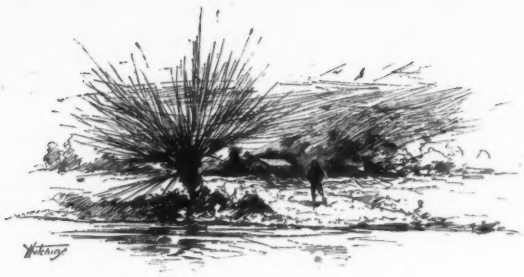
WHY DOES N'T his family sell the *Mail and Express*, and buy Elliott something else to play with?

A BANK CASHIER

With many years' experience, wishes a change, on the First of January. Has occupied his present position, with one of the strongest and most substantial institutions in the country, for over fifteen years.

Address: CONFIDENTIAL.

"ALL MEN are born equal;" but some of them are promoted to the police-force afterward.



AN APPROACHING FELICITY.

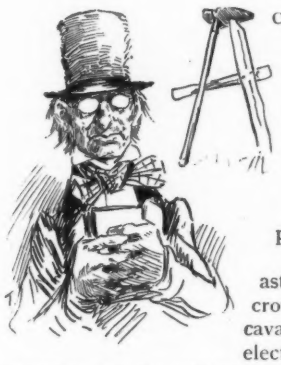
Soon will the small boy wander down the lane
  Unto the frozen lakelet all elate,
To try the fragile ice and ascertain
  If he may venture on the same to skate.

And when one foot goes through, the boy will smile,
  Greeting the danger that no small boy shuns;
And cracketty crack the ice will go, the while
  He fills the pond with foot-holes as he runs.

R. K. M.

A FABULOUS FABLE.

(Dedicated to Certain Clerical Reformers.)



CLERICAL REFORMER one day hearing that an entire family had been killed by sewer-gas, said to himself: "Where there is sewer-gas, there must be a sewer; and since there is a sewer giving forth noxious gas, I conceive it my duty to abolish it."

After a needlessly elaborate and high-priced investigation, he succeeded in convincing people that the city was indeed provided with a sewer.

While the people were yet in a state of astonishment at the novel discovery, and were crowding about the site of the Reformer's excavations to verify his assertions, he further electrified them by declaring his intention of exterminating the evil root and branch.

Accordingly he tore up and removed some of the sewer. And, when the people saw the evil effects of his move, they wished to fall upon the Reformer and to beat him with stockings of mud; but certain charitable people said:

"Nay; do not harm him. His methods may be very unwise, but he is perfectly sincere and has only the good of the community at heart."

So the Reformer continued in his ways until he tried to apply his peculiar logic to the extermination of the small-pox.

"Small-pox patients are kept in pest-houses," he said; "small-pox is a dangerous disease; therefore the pest-houses should be shut up and the patients scattered through the community."

Thereupon the people arose as one man and kicked as ten million men, and thereafter confined him behind a strong door, saying:

"The right of man to make an ass of himself is inalienable; but the man who demonstrates the possibility of abusing the privilege should be thoroughly squelched."

MORAL.—Honesty of purpose does not palliate criminal idiocy. Bloomingdale is full of people whose sincerity is unquestioned.

H. L. Wilson.

NO MODERN CONVENIENCES.

AL. PINE.—How uncomfortable Diogenes must have been, living in a tub!

ARCHY TECK.—Yes; and it was n't the stationary kind, either.

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN THE DIME MUSEUM.

"A happy New Year to you," said the Living Skeleton to the Fat Woman; "and may your shadow never grow less."

"I wish you a happy New Year, too," was the reply; "and what you fall off in flesh may you make up in salary."

RESOLUTION DAY.

Vices are monsters of such hideous mien,
That to be hated need but to be seen;
But seen too oft, we come by them accursed,
And welcome the arrival of January 1st.

John B. Gest.

BEEN HELD UP BEFORE.

TERRIFIED PASSENGER *(on Western train)*.—How can you remain so cool at such a terrible time?

UNCONCERNED PASSENGER.—Oh, this is nothing—you ought to go to one of the church fairs, down where I come from!

AN EASY SUBSTITUTION.

REGINALD WYCKOFF.—Bah Jove! When I sweah off on the first of Januawy I find it exceedingly difficult to keep me wesolution, for the west of the yeah.

JACK LEVER.—Why don't you swear off on the thirty-first of December, then?

ONLY THE WEALTHY CAN DO IT.

BOGGS.—Are n't you going to buy a new overcoat this Winter?

SILSBY.—No; I bought one last Summer when they were cheap.

BOGGS.—What are you going to do with your superfluous cash now, then?

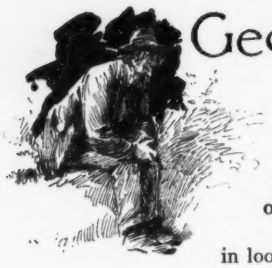
SILSBY.—I am now on my way to buy a canoe for next Summer.

A LONG TIME ON THE WAY.

MRS. BUDLONG.—Did you have a good sermon this morning?
MISS BUDLONG.—Very good; but somewhat disappointing.
MRS. BUDLONG.—What was the text, dear?
MISS BUDLONG.—"Behold! the bridegroom cometh."

A NEW YEAR'S WARNING.

Sing a song of sixpence,
  A bottle full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds
  Baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened,
  The birds began to twitter,
And the man who gave the
  order
Took the pledge, and bought
  a fritter.



George Byers

A FEELING OF superiority is a feeling of blind, unquestioning happiness. How fortunate, then, that for almost all of us kind Nature, by a *tour de force*, provides objects to look down upon!

Small, slow, forgotten Elmville had rapture in looking down upon George Byers.

George was a slim, shambling fellow, and he had acquired that suppleness of the loafing-joints which enabled him to loaf easily and picturesquely in many attitudes: and this was a good thing for George, for changing his position was the only rest he ever got. He used to look down at the ground a good deal, and to stand and look at the horizon a good deal, and to lie down and look up at the sky a good deal. To lie thus probably irked George, for he must have foreseen that some time he would have to get up — when night fell, or when it rained; or, at any rate, when Winter came on. But we all have our trials. George wore faded clothes, and country wits said that his hair and whiskers "looked like the breaking up of a hard Winter." To be made the butt of a Welsh goat is hard; to be made the mark of the country wit is harder. The weapon of the country wit is like that peculiar pop-gun which has a cork bullet attached by a string, and which, though it has but one charge, is never out of ammunition. What George thought of the world, I do not know.

One hot morning in August, George was loafing along the road that ran out of the village, when old Granger, a slaving, bow-backed farmer, rattling along in a farm-wagon, drew up on him. Old Granger's first idea when he saw George ahead was, of course, to say nothing to him, but to push on the lines, and drive nobly by, like a float of Industry Scorning Indolence. But he had another idea, and he stopped his team.

"Whoa, there; whoa! Say, George, git in and go along with me. I 'm going to start thrashin' this mornin', and I 'm kind o' short-handed."

"I don't know anything about threshing," said George, desperately.

"Why, you 've allus lived in the country!"

"Yes," said George; "but threshing 's a thing — that I — don't know — that I — ever give much attention to. No. I 'd just bother you. I 've *seen* threshing-machines — different times — but I — never — give 'em much attention."

It was a hurrying time. Granger could n't wait for George to decide to go (especially as, if George ever decided anything, it would be not to go alive under any circumstances), so Granger chanced a ruse, and said brightly, "Well, git right in." And George put his foot on the step, and at the same time Granger hit his horses — and there George was. To avoid injury, he had to finish getting into the wagon, where he sat on a pile of bags, held to the sides of the box for dear life, and was bounced and jounced and bumped and thumped over the rough road which led to Granger's farm.

By the time George arrived at the moated grange, all the other men had chosen their places about the threshing-machine, and the worst place was left for George. George did not know the difference, but it was undoubtedly the worst place. It was right behind the bat.

Toot, toot! The gifted agricultural steam-engineer yanked the string; the whistle sounded (however) as if controlled by some superior intelligence. The game was called.

And now men threw sheaves — called bundles, in farming — into the teeth of the cylinder, which roared and shrieked. The air became full of dust and lint and powder. Imagine a feather-factory in a cyclone, a dust cart in March, a simoom in the desert, a war-cloud in Africa. After filling the air with dust, the cylinder still roared at horrible speed, and gulping bundle after bundle, shook out more dust — and more dust — and more dust, as a wet dog shakes out water. But the cylinder never pauses, while sometimes the dog must pause — for he is only human.

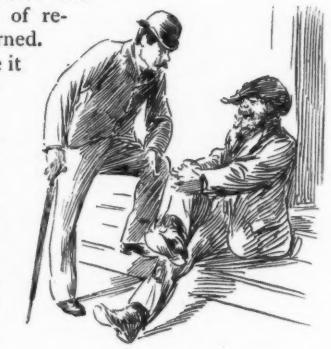
While the dust poured out, the noise shook the earth. The heat of Summer settled around like a great burning suffocation. Men's eyes and noses were full of green dust. Their whiskers looked like 2 lbs. of tea.

In the thickest toiled George Byers — *toiled* George Byers! He was on the straw-stack at the funnel's mouth; and if he had not toiled, the straw would have covered him. The noise was so great that he could not expostulate. He could not pause to think. He could not open his mouth to breathe.

For hours the struggle lasted. When the gifted agricultural steam-engineer yanked the whistle for dinner, the cylinder stopped. Then George climbed down from the stack — the monument of his unwilling industry — and made a sneak for home.

It was three weeks before he recovered his old tranquil frame of vacuity. During that time he had nervous intervals of thought, and in these he whittled out a labor-saving device for threshing machines. When the period of mental disturbance was past, he recalled his contrivance with indifference. Of course, the idea of a patent occurred to him, for he was an American, but he only thought that sometime he would think about thinking about it.

But that the contrivance had been made became known to a man in the village named Hinchman, whose delight it was to regard himself as a speculator. But so far he had not speculated, except in a speculative way. Now, recognizing his opportunity, he agreed with George — who said nothing — to furnish money to patent the threshing-machine device on condition of receiving the first $200 that the patent earned. The patent was obtained, and in due time it appeared in the patent reports. George was not unduly moved at the time; but, undoubtedly, he intended to rejoice as soon as he got around to it.



Now, when George had his patent, he would, had he been active, have started out to sell his invention to the threshing-machine-men; and the threshing-machine men would have seen no merit in George's device; but, on the contrary, they would have said that it was old and worthless, and that, although first-rate, they had the same device themselves; and George might have ended by being discouraged, and by falling into slothful ways. But George had a habit of never starting out to do anything. He simply continued to loaf.

The threshing-machine men, on their part, after allowing George a decent interval in which to come in and surrender, began to write to George A. Byers. George continued to loaf. The men wrote more. George loafed more.

On a day, Mr. Keen of the Ajax Thresher Co. came to Elmville. He asked Mr. Davis of the Eagle House if there was n't a Mr. Byers living in Elmville. "No," said Davis; but added, "What! you mean Georgebyers?" "Yes," said Keen. "Yes," said Davis, aghast. "Where can I find him?" asked Keen. "There," said Davis, pointing out at the porch, for it happened that at that moment George sat on the lower step, resting.

"Is this Mr. Byers — or Myers?" began Keen, craftily.

"Yes," said George. He was not particular about the name, but he hoped that this stranger would not take the liberty of proposing a job of work to him.

"I have written you about a little device of yours, and, *being* in Elmville, it occurred to me that this was your address. I don't know whether you answered my letter or not — as I have been away —"

"No," said George after a long pause.

Keen was somewhat discouraged by the careless tone; but he began to talk of the patent, and, warming into the accustomed work of robbing patentees, he was soon speaking so lightly, and even depreciatingly, of George's patent, that any other man than George would have made an immediate apology for the affront of offering the patent to a superior world. Probably George, who was not a bad fellow, felt the obligation of making an apology, and if given time he would have made it; but, of course, he could n't get around to it in a minute. While he was grinding his heel in the sand at the foot of the step, Keen asked for a proposition for the use of the device. George could answer this. He said:

"It 's a thing — that — I don't know — as I 've thought much about." Then, much relieved, George took a well-earned rest.

Mr. Keen considered that he had received two buffets; but, determined to do his whole duty and to exhaust every resource for properly robbing George, he said:

"This device might be worth trying, and I might undertake to introduce it; of course, getting the use of it myself free, and getting half the royalty from other makers."

George took no responsibility about this, but ground his heel in the sand, so that Keen was staggered; but he rallied enough to say:

"Of course I am offering you a splendid thing, but I always believe in giving patentees every cent there is in it."

George changed his position with ease, and looked at the horizon. Keen's heart sank at sight of so obdurate a trader, and resuming the talk, he offered to be content with but one-quarter of outside royalties — and then, with no outside royalty. But while Keen talked, George loafed unvexedly, and he kept loafing until Keen found himself forced (as he thought) to offer to pay a royalty from his own works.

"Now, when I say a royalty from our own works, the question is, how much? Of course it would be only nominal (George yawned); well, say $1. That is very high —" Keen talked of the extravagance of this figure till George crossed his legs, when he said he might make it $2. He reproached himself for offering this price, but George leaned on his elbow, and Keen made it $3.

At one o'clock, George, who had to ring the church-bell for school, rose and started off. "You will be back?" said Keen.

"I 'll be around somewhere," replied George.

In the afternoon, Mr. Keen had difficulty in rounding George up, for George desired to repose; but he rounded him up, and, starting in afresh, bid himself up very handsomely. George had hardly had such a disturbing day since the threshing, and he was forced to loaf in self-defense. His old skill did not now desert him, and he loafed as if he had been condemned to live for life. Keen tried to protect himself against George's evidently extravagant notions by threatening to use the invention of a gifted inventor named Morrison. George did not seem to mind it. Keen bid himself up again, but said that George's invention was crude and would have to be changed at great expense by practical men. George was not affected. Then Keen surrendered. He mounted to his highest figure, $10. Even then George was silent, and Keen said in despair, "Well, what do you say?"

"There 's a man named Hinchman here that 's got to have $200," said George.

"Well, of course you will pay that?"

"I?" George fell to loafing again.

Keen yielded the point and said *he* would pay it. At this George showed some faint surprise.

"Can't we settle this to-night?" asked Keen, anxiously. "I want — to get away." Thereupon Keen drew papers. It just happened that he had a form of contract with him. He put up the $200 for Hinchman.

The next day George gave Hinchman his money. "How much do you get?" asked Hinchman, delighted with speculation.

"Ten dollars," said George. George was glad enough, but he did not show it much.

"Why, you blamed idiot!" said Hinchman, after reading the contract, "you get ten dollars *a machine!*"

"Is that so?" said George. George felt mortified. He could feel the mortification even then. "Well," he said in explanation, "that was something I did n't give — much attention to."

George is now rich, and this story shows how a man's being perfectly worthless may be worth a good deal to him; and it ought to encourage us.

CONCLUSION.

Abe Granger still lives on the old farm. Hinchman's wife is still living, and Hinchman has never married again. The paths that led from the old manse ran only as far as the road.

Williston Fish.

SPACE ENOUGH.

TURNER VAN NEWLEAF.—That diary you sold me is not complete. I asked for a diary for the year 1893, and this one has spaces for the month of January only.

SALESMAN.—Yes, sir; I thought you said it was for your wife.

TO THE FASHION CARPER.

While the low-necked gown 's with danger fraught,
You should n't permit it to trouble you;
Though the "V-shaped" corsage is bad, you ought
To be thankful it is n't a "W."

Nixon Waterman.

A CONTEMPLATIVE SEASON.

TATTERDON TORNE.—How are yer goin' ter spend de Winter, Raggsey?

WEARY RAGGLES.—Plannin' out next Summer's loaf.

THE ONLY DRAWBACK.

"Are you tired?" asked a home missionary, in a sympathetic tone of voice, of a ticket-seller at one of the "L" stations, who was putting on his coat, preparatory to starting for home.

"No," answered the ticket-seller, in subdued but firm tones; "I am not fatigued in the least. My work is like play. Life with me would be one long, delicious holiday if it were not for one person."

"And that is?" — said the home missionary.

"That is," echoed the ticket-seller gloomily, "the woman who shoves a nickel and a dime at me and says, 'Three!'"

RESTORED TO SOCIETY.

MISS HAUTTON. — I thought Charlie Vantrumpery's acquaintance had been cut by your set.

SLIMLEIGH. — Ya-as, it was, you know; but he has weëstablished his weputation as a gentleman.

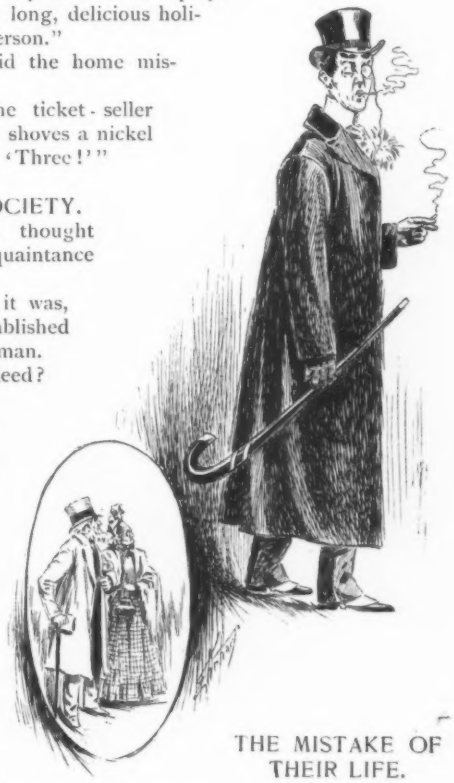
MISS HAUTTON.— Indeed? And how did he do it?

SLIMLEIGH. — He — ah — slapped Bertie Sapley's face at the theatah the othah night.

THE CLOVEN HOOF.

HYAND LOWE.—New York's saloons are mighty fine places.

ROWNE DE BOUT. — Yes. If the devil looks after our comfort as carefully in the next world as he does in this, we will have no cause to kick.



THE MISTAKE OF THEIR LIFE.

A WOMAN'S ANSWER.

HE.— If I should ask you to marry me, what would you say?
SHE.— Guess.
HE.— Well — er — what would it rhyme with?
SHE.— Guess.

A DRESSMAKER seeing a cat-boat tack
On the wind-tossed waves one day,
"Oh, my!" remarked, "see how she cuts
On the bias across the bay!"

VERY MUCH RUN DOWN;

OR, HOW MME. OBESE, THE POPULAR FREAK, WAS COMPELLED TO CHANGE HER VOCATION.

I.

II.

III.

IV.

V.

VI.

RAISING THE WIND.

ÆOLUS *(in the cave of the winds)*.—What do you want here?
BACCHUS.—I just dropped in to see if you would blow me off.

A WOMAN'S LUNCHEON.

She sat in a dry goods restaurant,
And, pulling up her cuffs,
Ate two éclairs, a piece of pie,
And a couple of big cream puffs.

COMING ACROSS LOTS.

REGINALD.—There is one thing I can never get over—your turning my love into a jest.

ROSAMOND.—There is one thing I can never get over—a barbed wire fence.

CHICAGO!

TIME — MAY — 1893.

CHICAGO *(to* EUROPE, *who has just arrived)*.—Ha! Glad to see you. Step in. This is Chicago! Take your things off. What are you drinking now? Dern me if I ain't glad to see you. Been getting ready for your visit for two years. Seen the Auditorium yet? No? Heard of it, of course. You bet it 's way ahead of anything you folks 's got to home. Beats anything on this side, too. Been round to the Masonic Temple yet? Hain't? Well, that 's something that 'll make you stare! Fill up again! What do you think of our city? Way up, eh? Beats London and Paree, don't it? Ain't seen much of it yet? Well, put your ulster on, and I 'll show you round a little. Seen our Poet yet? 'Gene Field? He 'll be round soon. Feeling kind o' sore, is 'Gene, 'cause we would n't let him write the Dedication Ode. He 'll get over it, though. You 'll like him. He 's a dern good fellow, take him all round. That 's the Rookery. That ain't tall, side er some I 'll show you. No flies on it, though. Now the Auditorium—"

"HE FELL INTO A GOOD THING."

EUROPE *(meekly)*.—But, is n't the Columbian Exposition here?

CHICAGO.—Eh? Oh, you mean the World's Fair! Yes, that 's out to Jackson Park. We 'll go out there before you go back. Not a bad little show, either. Now that building over there is twenty-eight stories high, Madame; tallest business building in the world. Over yonder is the Masonic—but we 'll go up and see the Auditorium first.

Richard Stillman Powell.

AN IMPORTANT PAGE IN POLITICAL HISTORY — The Tammany Tiger.

"RAGS AND BOTTLES!" shouts the itinerant junkman. The astute peddler knows that the two go together.

THE LUXURIES of life are the things we can't afford to have.

THE OLDER we grow, the more firmly we become convinced that no one who is as young as we are is old.

I LOVE HER.

I KNOW SHE is a born coquette,
In fact, she told me so;
And yet I can not help but be
In love with her, you know.

She often treats me shabbily
And makes me feel quite small;
And yet, somehow, I can not help
But love her, after all.

She knows I am her slave, and so,
When other men are by,
She likes to order me about
And rules me with her eye.

And yet I love her, just the same,
And humor all her freaks.
And who has better right to love
My bride of just three weeks?

Tom Masson.

THE PUG'S NATIONALITY.

HOFFMAN HOWES.—I like pugs; they're so English, don't you think?

ROWNE DE BOUT.—What, with their Tipperary faces and their pretzel tails?

MR. MILLS'S ELEVATION.

"I tell you, it is a great thing to have a clean face, if it happens to be a round, rosy one," said Mills, the other day.

"Why so?" asked his friend Johnson.

"Why, because I lately got a great deal of social distinction out of it."

"How did you do that?"

"Well, a lady — a new-comer of great wealth — called on Mrs. Mills the other day."

"Yes?"

"And, the maids being at a *matinée*, I went to the door, admitted her, and ushered her into the parlor, having first taken her card to present to Mrs. Mills."

"I see," said Johnson, with a puzzled expression.

"And this caller treated me in such an uppish manner that I could n't understand it."

"Well, what has that to do with your gaining any extra social distinction?"

"You see, when this lady went abroad to pay her other calls, she did n't fail to circulate the report that I must be a millionaire; and, on the strength of that, I was invited to several dinner parties by people who had never noticed me before."

"I am still in darkness," said Johnson.

"Well, you see, this caller gave out that I keep a butler — she thought I was the butler. Now I revel in Society's sweetest clover."

R. K. M.

AN UNPLEASANT OUTLOOK.

NEWLY ARRIVED OSTRICH *(seeing a flamingo for the first time)*.—By the great Sands of Sahara! This must be an awfully mean place. By the time they starve me down as thin as that, I 'll be dead.

A GREAT MISTAKE.

SYMPATHETIC BYSTANDER.—I hope you are not much hurt, sir?

MAN ON SIDEWALK.—It ain't that — but I 'm thinking what a fool I was to take a pledge on New Year's to stop swearing for a year!

WELL; RATHER!

EDITOR.—I like this story; but the ending is too commonplace and tame. A good story should end with a snap.

ROLAND RITER.—Great heavens, man! Does n't the hero marry a girl worth a cool million? Don't you call that a snap?

NO SNAP.

HELEN HYLER.—I suppose you had to tell a lot of girls this year that you would be a brother to them?

JACK LEVER.—Not much! I have three real sisters of my own; and I know what being a brother means.

THE NEW YEAR.

Although we wish it be a happy one,
In being free from trouble, cares and duns;
We smile, despite ourselves. We know, when done,
It will not differ much from other ones.

THE MAN who is so poor that he can not get credit, has a very fair chance of one day becoming rich.

WHAT IS NEEDED — A THOROUGH SIFTING.

BAUM
LIII^D CONGRESS.

THE WIFELY REMEDY.

MR. BRACE *(appealingly)*.—Oh, pshaw! Mary, there goes a suspender button off my trousers.

MRS. BRACE *(sweetly)*.—Never mind, dear; here 's a safety-pin.

CLASSIFYING THE NEWS.

THE LATEST theatrical combination had reached the city, and the city editor was in a quandary. He went to the sporting editor, and said persuasively:

"I suppose you will cover the Blank Street Theatre, to-night?"

"Why should I?" asked the sporting editor, instantly on the defensive.

"Well, you know, the star is an ex-prize-fighter."

"What of it? You can't work a theatre in on the sporting department while I 'm running things. This show is no prize-fight."

The city editor sighed, and then looked up the society editor.

"Why, my deah boy," said the latter, "you really can't consider that in my department."

"The leading lady was a prominent society woman," explained the city editor.

"But she is n't now, you know," protested the society editor. "She 's on the stage now, and you can hardly expect me to look after the drama."

The dramatic editor was astonished when he was asked.

"They have nothing to do with the drama," he exclaimed.

"But it 's in a theatre," argued the city editor.

"Quite right; but I 'm not supposed to look after every exhibition that is given in a theatre. I am the dramatic editor, sir, and this entertainment certainly has nothing to do with dramatic art."

As a last resort, the city editor tried the night police reporter.

"I can't see that it comes under the head of fire, accident or crime," protested the reporter.

"You 'll find it pretty close to crime," put in the city editor, with some feeling. "It certainly should be treated as a misdemeanor." And by a vote of the entire staff it was decided that the night police reporter was the man.

Elliott Flower.

NEW TO HIM.

EAST-SIDE MIKE.—Say! What kinder furrin language d' yer call dis?

JOURNALIST.—Why, that is a story of New York life written in Bowery dialect.

FEMININE.

SHE TOOK the pretty calendar
With pictures fresh and sweet,
Of frisking lambs and clouds afar
O'er fields of waving wheat,
Of lovers in the shady nook,
And farmers making hay,
Of cattle, wading in the brook,
And happy birds at play.

She opened it delightedly,
Her thoughts with pleasure burned;
While in poetic revery
Page one she lightly turned.
I saw the novel-reader when
She paused and softly smiled
Upon the second page, and then,
With ecstasy beguiled.

She swiftly skipped—I see her now
Above the last page bend
Trembling, as if to learn just how
The year was going to end.

R. K. Munkittrick.

ONLY ONE.

MERCHANT.—I shall advance your salary fifty dollars this year. You have been remarkably correct and careful for the past twelve months. Have n't made a single mistake, have you?

BOOKKEEPER.—Only one.

MERCHANT.—What was that?

BOOKKEEPER.—I thought I should get a raise of a hundred, at least.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

IN ANCIENT TIMES—
THE RAPE OF THE SABINES.

IN MODERN TIMES.
THE ABREPTION OF THE SERVANT GIRLS BY THE SUBURBANITES.

A CLEVER LAD.

"My son is a smart boy at a bargain," said Hicks. "He sold a twenty-dollar gold piece his grandfather gave him last Christmas to a coin collector for fifteen dollars, yesterday."

A PLAY BILL — Shakspere.

A PASSWORD — Deadhead.

A GOLDEN BUCK — Bucking the Tiger.

HARD TIMES — The Stone Age.

A RUM PLACE — Jamaica Plain.

NOT BURNING HIS BRIDGES.

MRS. MCNALLY *(to her husband, who has just made a New Year's resolution never to touch another drop).*— Th' Saints be blissed! Out goes iver' drop.

MR. MCNALLY *(anxiously).*— Phist, Biddy. Doan't t'row it away! Oi may be too wake to shtick me resolution and moight nade a drop once in a whoile to kape me courage up.

ANNOYING.

"These here smart ducks makes me tired," said the Man on the Second Chair, after he had released his victim and called "Next!" to a row of empty chairs.

"Why — wha' 'd he say?" asked a fellow butcher.

"Well, he gets into the chair, an' I runs my hand over his head, 'n' says: 'Have that hair trimmed up a little, to-day?'

"Then he looks at hisself in the glass, an' runs *his* hand over his head, an' he says, says he: 'Well — I d' know; think it orta be?'

"'Needs it purty bad,' I says to him, gittin' ready.

"'Well, I d' know,' he says, sort o' weary-like 'n' undecided; 'I guess I 'll try 'n' get along with it another day — I had it cut yesterday.'"

METHOD IN IT.

"What does Larrington see in Harrington's personal appearance to admire so much? He is always talking of 'handsome Harrington.'"

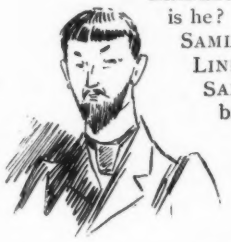
"Why, don't you know?— they are said to look very much alike."

A SEVEN YEAR TEST.

LINDLEY.—You know Cheltenham, the painter, don't you?

SAMLEY.—Yes.

LINDLEY.—What kind of a fellow is he?



SAMLEY.—I don't know.

LINDLEY.—How 's that?

SAMLEY.—Because he is just back from Paris.

LINDLEY.—I don't quite understand you.

SAMLEY.—Well, you see, when an artist just gets back from Paris, he always puts on so much style that you can't tell much about him. But we 'll know something of Cheltenham in, say, seven years.

LINDLEY.—Why seven years?

SAMLEY.—Why, because, if an artist is really a good fellow at heart, he will begin to get decent about seven years after his return from Paris. Come around and ask me about him in 1900.

NOT HIS IDEAL.

PATENT MEDICINE DOCTOR.—Take some of my preparation and you will be cured.

PATIENT.—And then will I look like those men whose pictures appear in the papers?

DOCTOR.—Er—yes; I presume so.

PATIENT.—Then I don't want to be cured.

AN AFFRONT.

MRS. UPHAM-UPHAM *(slumming).*—What were you arrested for?

REDDY *(from Hell's Kitchen).*—Fer insultin' er lady. I hit 'er in de eye.

VERY TOUCHY.

BUSINESS MAN *(down South).*—I have positive proof that Col. Gore forged my signature to these checks.

FRIEND.—If I were you I 'd say nothing about it. Col. Gore is a dead shot and very touchy about his honor.

A NATURAL CONCLUSION.

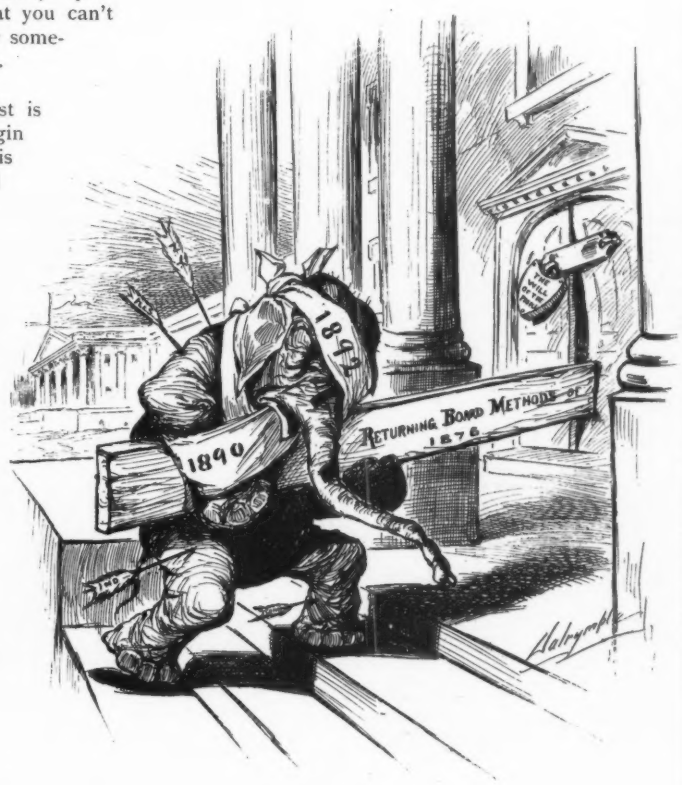
MISS VERA BRANY.—I see that the Duke of Argyle has written a book called "*The Unseen Foundations of Society.*"

MISS ALLIE GANY.—Has he? Oh, I must get it! I am sure there must be something in it about dear old Papa and his oil wells.

WHAT IT SOUNDED LIKE.

MRS. WINDLEIGH.—Gracious me! that stone crusher sounds like Pandemonium.

COURTNEY.—I think, Mama, that it sounds more like a dentist buzzing a hole in your tooth.



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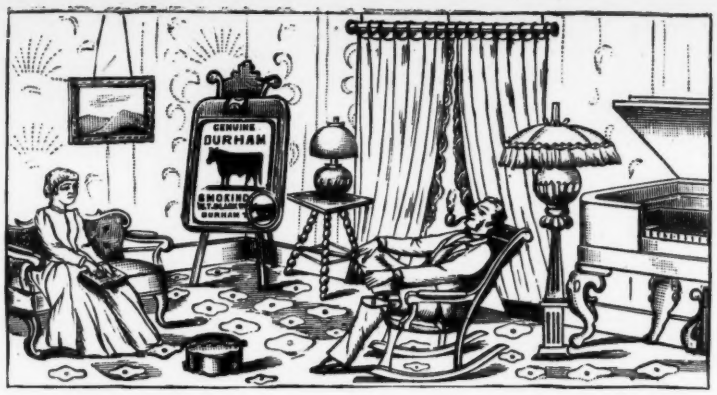

Ladies Do you want to keep your husband home at night, and keep him agreeable and pleasant? He must smoke, and yet, you don't like the smell of his tobacco. You can drive him away to his club—out of just such things come misery, unhappiness and divorce. The trouble is that he uses poor tobacco. Coax him to get BLACKWELL'S BULL DURHAM SMOKING TOBACCO; its delicate aroma will not be offensive to you, and it will not fill all the curtains, hangings and clothing with that stale disagreeable odor that now troubles you. Keep your husband home, and avoid all risks by having him smoke BULL DURHAM TOBACCO. Sold everywhere.

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"WELL, Jack," said Jack's father at dinner on Thanksgiving Day, "what are you thankful for?"

"I dun'no'," said Jack. "What have we got for dessert?"—*Harper's Bazar.*

WHEN a man tells a girl he is n't worthy of her, he does n't mean it, as she finds out after they are married.—*Atchison Globe.*

A GOOD thing to have around the house is "a piazza."—*Texas Siftings.*

No New Year's table should be without a bottle of Angostura Bitters, the world renowned appetizer of exquisite flavor. Beware of counterfeits.

CLERK.—This Bible is beautifully bound and the print is excellent. It would—

MRS. LAKESIDE.—Yes; but it has only a dozen pages to record marriages. It won't do.—*Inter Ocean.*

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EUGEN D'ALBERT: From fullest conviction I declare them to be *the best Instruments of America.*

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LIKE ALL THE REST.

OLD FRIEND (*playfully*).—And so you married a Boston girl? Can you always understand her when she talks?

MR. GOTHAM.—Um—not when she talks to the baby.—*New York Weekly.*

OFFICER.—Here 's a couple of boys I found engaged in shooting craps.

FEMALE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.—Report their case at once to the S. P. C. A.—*Inter Ocean.*

For bouquet, purity and healthfulness, *Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Champagne* has no rival. It is splendid with a dinner.

MRS. FANGLE.—I've advertised for a servant for a whole week with no result.

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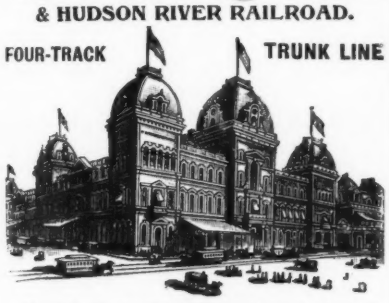

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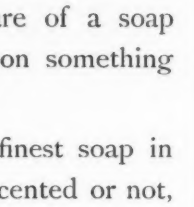

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SLEEP soundly,
BREATHE deeply,

and you ought to live 100 years. But you can't do either if you are suffering with Catarrh. This is a foul disease—so offenisve and annoying. Aerated Oxygen, used night and morning, cures the worst cases. Physicians recognize its value. Send for pamphlet.

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THE Tammany man never votes the way he prays; if he did, he would n't vote.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

JOB had boils, to be sure, but then he did n't have any newspaper portrait.—*Ram's Horn.*

A matter of choice;—whether to suffer, uninterruptedly with a cough or buy a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup and cure it.

ANYBODY can fire off a gun; but it takes long practice to learn how to shoot.—*Ram's Horn.*

If you want a horse to make time

you take care how you stable or house him. If you want a watch to keep good time it makes a difference how you house or case it. Ask your jeweller for a Fahys Gold Filled Watch Case. He'll tell you it is a standard article.

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AN old man whose children are good to him, has the greatest thing in the world to be proud of.—*Atchison Globe.*

WHEN you want to see the crooked made straight, look at a railroad map.—*Ram's Horn.*

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhœa. 25 cents a bottle.

SOME Republicans lost hats on the election, and lots of others seem to have lost their heads.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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OF course, "a miss is as good as a mile;" there is Miss Nancy Hanks, for instance.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"MANY happy returns, Grover," chirped Mrs. Cleveland on election day.—*Yale Record.*

After a night with the boys
Yours for a clear head—Bromo-Seltzer.

THE Crockery Trust is broken. It ran up against the Servant Girls' Trust.—*Texas Siftings.*

WHY NOT SMOKE?

Not poisonous tobacco, but

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SPORTEEM.—Is McQuick, the sprinter, an amateur?

KNOWEM.—Yes-siree—a reg'lar professional amateur.—*New York Weekly.*

IT has been discovered that wine will kill the bacilli of cholera in a few minutes. This discovery will probably stagger a great many.—*Inter Ocean.*

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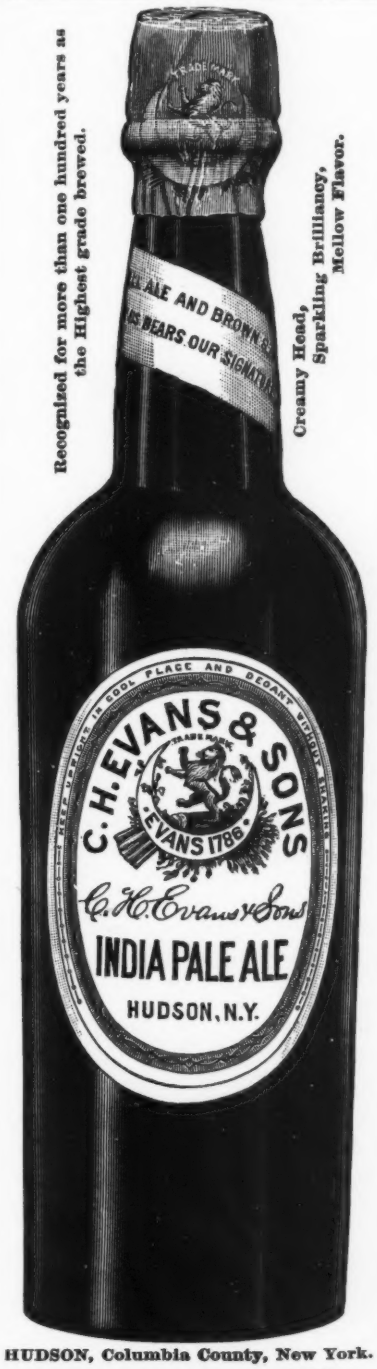

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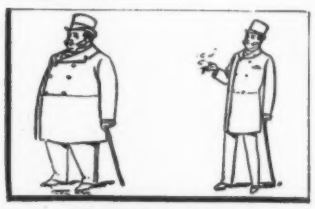

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